

## The Sutton Diaries

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Category: Avengers

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Bucky Barnes/Winter Soldier, Captain America/Steve R., Iron Man/Tony S., OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-13 04:54:49

Updated: 2016-04-13 04:54:49

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:54:10

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,200

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Bucky is crazy about Sutton, though she doesn't have to know that. [A series of interconnected one shots exploring their interactions.] 1: Scars and Sushi: Bucky doesn't like sushi, but Sutton does.

## The Sutton Diaries

### Scars and Sushi

"This sucks," moaned out Sutton Giuliani as she shifted the shoulder of her shirt back into place. Bucky, who was washing and sterilizing the needle he had just used out of her first aid kit, glanced over at her. She was looking at herself in the mirror, head cocked to the side as she attempted to hide the freshly applied gauze beneath the black cotton of her shirt. Despite the fact that she was in an old, faded shirt, had just suffered through five stitches (though he had to say it had been his best work) and they'd just landed post-mission, she looked good. Too good, thought Bucky. A building had practically fell on them, and though her golden braid was looking muted beneath the thick layer of dust and debris and her cheeks were similarly grimy, she still looked ready to pose for a magazine cover.

"What does?" asked Bucky, turning his attention back to the first aid kit. It was running low on gauze, and he made a personal note to replace it, knowing Sutton would procrastinate until the moment when they'd be back here again needing it.

"Don't get me wrong, these stitches are great," said Sutton, turning around to face him. "Really, best work ever. But I'm totally not gonna be able to wear anything showing my shoulders without putting make up over it,"

Bucky rolled his eyes. It never ceased to amaze him how, in many

ways, Sutton Giuliani was much like Tony Stark. Though she kept her identity under wraps, Sutton too was a rich billionaire with a penchant for saving the world, and yet she didn't seem to struggle at all between balancing those two completely different lifestyles. Except, of course, he really liked Sutton, and Tony only forced himself into his good graces on occasion.

Like Stark, Sutton didn't have many qualms about money, money that Bucky often had a hard time wrapping his mind around. Her green eyes practically glowed at the sight of designer labels and hard to pronounce foods that came in tiny portions at trendy restaurants. Like Stark, she was aware of the effect of not only her last name, but also of her stunning looks and statuesque body had on both men and women, leading her to bouts of arrogance and narcissism. Like Stark, she too liked a good time and, though she'd never admit it, liked to be the center of attention at a party.

And yet, despite all of these things, Bucky Barnes was entirely endeared to her. Although her tastes gravitated towards the lavish, she never thought twice about sitting down on a dirty park bench with him and a hot dog from (an admittedly filthy) hot dog stand. She liked to spoil her friends for the sake of pampering them, not to buy their affection or attention. Sutton's ego was remarkably gracious when called out, and she regarded the attention paid to her by 'fans' and the media and paparazzi with a dry, if dark, sort of amusement rather than for validation.

"Yes," said Bucky dryly, storing the white tin box back under Sutton's sink where she'd found it. He leaned against the white marble counter, arms folded as he watched her. "Because an inchâ€if thatâ€of scar tissue is going to make you horribly disfigured. A real Frankenstein,"

"Frankenstein'\_s\_ \_Monster\_," she corrected. "Common mistake,"

Bucky rolled his eyes. She was also dramatic and a smart ass, though he wasn't sure whether he liked or disliked that about her.

"Still, it'll be so obviously there. Did you know that People's Magazine awarded me with their Sexiest Collarbone's of the year award? This could have been my third consecutive year, but doubt that's happening now," she went on. Her hands had gone to the end of her long braid to pull it apart. "Scars don't get you sexy awards,"

"Guess I'm out of the running, then," said Bucky flatly. Sutton froze, pouty lips dropping open. Bucky wished he'd kept his mouth shutâ€he didn't want or need her pity, the kind that people always had when they mentioned scars or losing limbs or topics they assumed him too sensitive to overhear.

But Sutton's snorted, going back to finger-combing her hair.

"As if," she said. "You have an unfair advantage, that being you are a male. If guysâ€especially guys like, well, \_you\_, have scars, it's suddenly totally hot. They're battle scars, testaments to your strength, works of art depicting your ability to persevere, etcetera, etcetera. Admittedly yours totally are, but still. Same scars on a woman make men run for the hills; men assume we're weaker, fragile, unsexy,"

Bucky wanted to ask her exactly what she meant by guys like him, but he didn't. He assumed it wasn't insulting, mostly because he didn't feel insulted, and he knew that if Sutton was going to be insulting, she wouldn't leave you with any doubts.

So instead he said, "Ever think you date the wrong men?"

Sutton shot him a devilish wink, and then stepped out of her shoes.

"Thanks for stitching me up, Buck. I'm going to shower and have FRIDAY order us some food. Meet you in the kitchen in thirty?"

Bucky agreed, eager to step out of his heavy black cargo pants and combat boots in favor of something much more comfortable. His trek back to his room was brief—he had an actual apartment in the Tower, unlike the guest suite that Sutton occupied—and it was only a floor up. He enjoyed his shower fully, letting the near-scalding hot water wash away the grime and sin of their latest mission.

It had been a success, although it hadn't gone quite to plan. Originally it had been a simple scouting mission, at least until the opportunity to destroy a deadly weapon a Hydra-wannabe organization had bought had presented itself. He hadn't gotten more than a few shallow cuts that would be healed by tomorrow evening at the latest thanks to his serum, though he was filled with regret that Sutton hadn't gone similarly unscathed. Then he thought about her skin, her defined and yes, sexy collarbones and he had to switch from the scorching water temperature to something so cold that he thought of cryo.

That was certainly an effective mood killer.

Thirty minutes later Bucky was dressed in his softest grey sweats, thickest socks, and a white t-shirt. The elevator door opened to the communal floor, and as he stepped out he was greeted by Sutton's distinctive laughter. There was no mistaking it was her, mostly because she laughed a lot like a four-year-old, something that was oddly charming. Already he could feel a smile tug at her lips, though who she was laughing with he wasn't certain; the Avenger levels of the Tower was empty other than them.

Bucky paused at the mouth of the kitchen, blinking at the stranger in the kitchen across the counter from Sutton. His first reaction was to tense; the man was comfortably wielding a wicked looking knife, waving it over his cutting board like a maestro. Sutton was watching avidly, emerald eyes lit up brightly with excitement.

The Japanese chef—for that's what he very clearly was, what with his white uniform and hat and the arrangement of food before him—noticed him first. He jumped, nearly slicing off a finger as he did so and Bucky knew it was because he had seen his bionic arm. Bucky fought a sigh, trudging on over to Sutton's side and ignoring the man's cursing in Japanese.

"I thought you were ordering us food," said Bucky. "Not a man,"

Sutton grinned at him. "That's what I thought I did. Apparently, when

I asked FRIDAY to order us some sushi, this is what she interpreted the command as. Don't you love Stark?"

"That's a rhetorical question, right?" asked Bucky. Sutton shrugged.

"I think, deep down, you two really like each other. I can tell," she said wisely. Bucky raised an eyebrow, nearly ready to point out that if she was so good at reading people, how could she have possibly missed how crazy he was about her? Then, for the thousandth time in the past six months he reminded himself that perhaps she did know, and there was a very good reason why she didn't address his feelings for her. She might be sparing him from an unnecessary embarrassment.

"Sushi," he said, eyeing the colorful plates of raw fish and thinly sliced vegetables that made up the counter. "Awesome,"

His sarcasm went unappreciated by both Sutton and the mystery chef—"honestly, it was nearly one in the morning, where did Stark find these people? Sutton immediately turned to the chef, a hand over her heart and a sympathetic look in her eyes.

"Kare o mushi shimasu, onegaishimasu," said Sutton.

"You speak Japanese?" Bucky asked, impressed by this new facet of Sutton. Perhaps it was from the heat of the fryer near her—"he could see shrimp cloaked in tempura frying there—"but he was certain her cheeks flushed pink.

"I—"um," she cleared her throat and flicked her damp hair over a shoulder. "Like I'd go to Masa and not know how to order in Japanese," Bucky suppressed a grin. Despite her lofty tone, Sutton was a little flustered, though he couldn't imagine why. Deciding he was in a merciful mood, Bucky changed the subject.

"Masa—"that's that Japanese restaurant you took Steve to a few months back, right?" he asked. "Stevie said he actually liked the stuff, though he still gets heart palpitations thinking about the check, even though it was your treat," grinned Bucky.

"It was so worth it!" argued Sutton. "It was a twenty-six course meal!"

"Yeah—"for like eight-hundred dollars—"each. That's a real pretty penny for Brooklyn boys like us, doll," he reminded her. Sutton pouted, and Bucky thought that her lips were far too kissable in that moment, so much so that he was happy the chef was there to unintentionally remind him to keep his cool.

"So are you telling me that you don't like sushi?" asked Sutton. "Because if all you've had is that crap Barton gets at supermarkets—"that's so not sushi," \_

"You value honesty, right?" he joked. Sutton shook her head.

"Un. Be. Lievable. I should have been informed, Barnes. I don't know that I can trust a man who doesn't like sushi,"

"Excuse me if I prefer food that's you know, cooked and filling,"

Bucky smirked back. He loved this sort of banter with Sutton, largely because she was always far too invested in winning an argument than he was for a need to be right. She was too easily baited, and was all too often the source of his entertainment.

"Sushi is an art, James Buchanan. It is to be admired and appreciated," she told him.

>"You obviously lack education; thankfully I'm feeling charitable and will now take charge over your lack of knowledge,"<p>

"God forbid I don't like sushi,"

"I just don't understand how you can't! It's the best thing ever, and totally low on caloriesâ€”most of the timeâ€”and just so yummy! And it's aesthetically pleasing. What more could you want from your food, Bucky?"

"It's raw fish, Sutton."

"So? Here," Sutton grabbed a pair of chopsticks, twirling them expertly in her hands for a moment as she contemplated the different dishes on the counter. "I'll start you off easy,"

Bucky eyed her dubiously as she plucked a slice of a sushi roll. "This is shrimp tempura, avocado, and cream cheese. Not authentic Japanese by any means, but totally delicious nonetheless,"

Just as Bucky was wondering how he was supposed to take the chopsticks from Sutton without dropping the sushi it held, she raised it up to his mouth. He made the mistake of meeting her eyes as he wrapped his lips around the morsel. This time he was certain that her cheeks were a little flushed, and he supposed the action had been rather intimate. He quickly looked away, meeting the eyes and raised eyebrows of the Japanese chef. Bucky's eyes narrowed, and he quickly looked away.

Feeling Sutton's expectant gaze on him, he chewed through the mouthful. When he finally swallowed, he sighed. "It wasn't awfulâ€”I'm sure he's a real talented chef and allâ€”but really not my thing,"

"You're ridiculous," concluded Sutton. Her attention was now focused on selecting a piece of sashimi for herself. If he'd thought her feeding him had been intimate, it was nothing compared to watching her feed herself with the same chopsticks that had just been in his mouth. That meant something to him, that she really wasn't repulsed by the mere sight or presence of him. It made him warm inside. "How do you not like sushi? God, I could never be with someone who doesn't love Japanese cuisine."

"Guess I'll learn to love it," muttered Bucky.

"Hm?" asked Sutton, glancing at him as she popped a piece of bright pink tuna into her mouth. She hummed happily as she chewed, eyes shining. Bucky bit on his bottom lip and shook his head.

"Nothing. So, what else ya got there, doll?"

End

file.